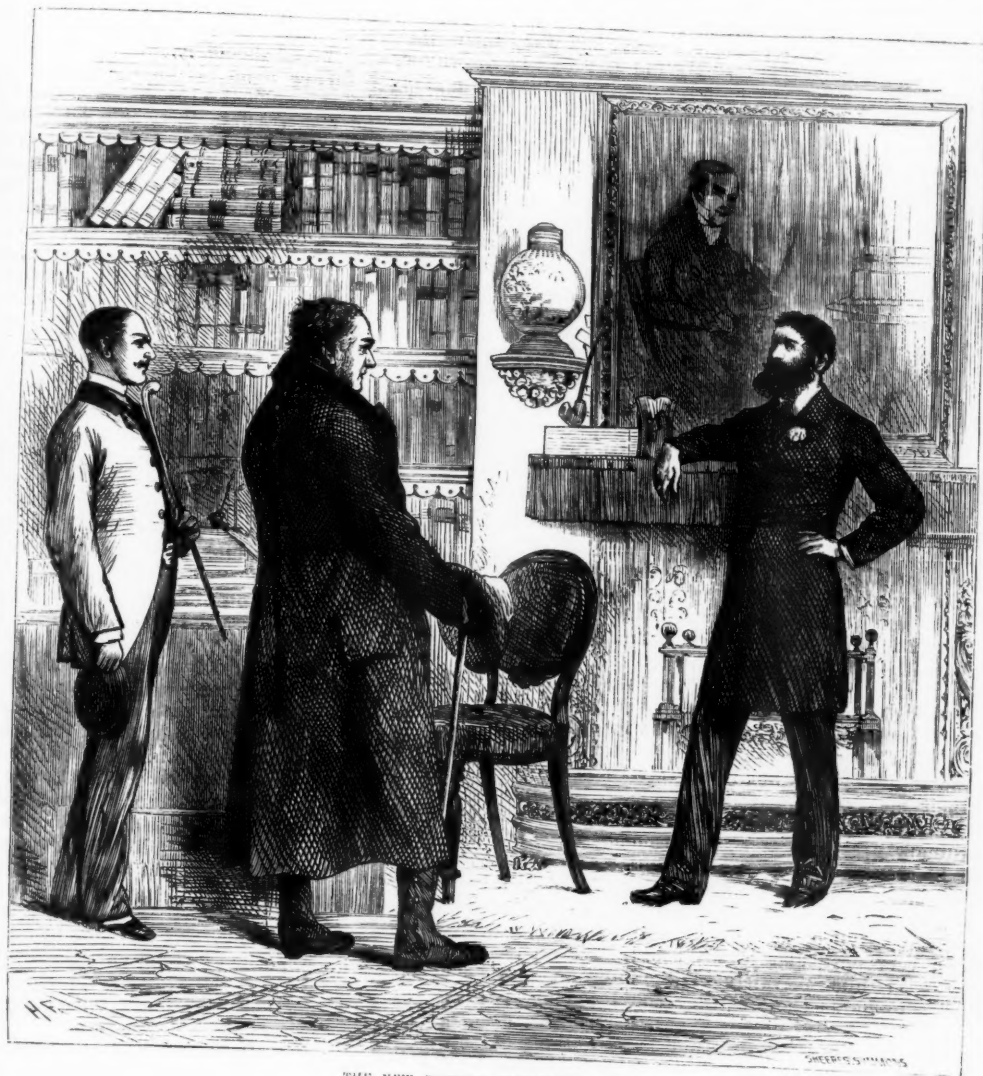


THE LEISURE HOUR.

BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,
AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND.—*Cowper.*



THE NEW SQUIRE'S OLDEST TENANTS.

NINE-TENTHS OF THE LAW.

CHAPTER XI.—RENT-DAY.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—*Cowper*

THE morning was cool and fresh; the sun beginning to assert its strength in clearing away the early mists, and making every tree and shrub and meadow glisten like frosted silver, as its rays fell

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upon the delicate drops of dew with which all were closely covered. The windows of Thickthorn Hall were shining above the woods, by which it seemed, when viewed from a distance, to be closely surrounded; though there was, in fact, a space of open park and lawn about the summit of the hill on which the mansion stood. The lodge gates were wide open, and the road winding round the hillside through a broad avenue of fir plantations was traversed at short intervals by "traps" of various

PRICE ONE PENNY.

descriptions, in which the tenantry were making their way with more or less alacrity and contentment to become acquainted with their new squire, and to pay him their half-year's rent. Most of them knew the road well, having made the same journey, with the same object, twice a year regularly for many years past; but they had not yet seen anything of the "new man." To many of them he was not known even by sight; for though he was supposed to be living at Thickthorn, he spent the greater part of his time in London, and had only come down on the present occasion to receive their money, and was going away again immediately. He did not go to church; and though he had been seen riding about the land, as if to make himself acquainted with the extent and value of his property, with a special view, it was rumoured, to the cutting down of timber, he had not called upon his tenants. He was afraid, they all said, that they would ask him for something. He had signified his intention, however, of being present on this occasion at the rent-day dinner. Expectation was rife, and the farmers, as they jogged along, some in market carts, others in smarter vehicles, some mounted upon heavy, large-boned horses, with mane and tail newly cut and combed, others upon young tits of higher mettle, bred by themselves, and of great prospective value as hunters, some even plodding along on foot, were speculating to each other or to themselves what sort of reception they should meet with, and how they should get on with the new squire in respect of the requests they had to make for improvements upon their holdings, or reduction of their rents. Each of the tenants had his own particular appeal to make, or his own special grievance to declare. What sort of landlord would the new squire turn out?—that was the question uppermost with all. To many it was a question of vital importance, and they looked for the solution of it with anxiety, not unmingled with apprehension.

Their first business was with the steward, Mr. Chamberlain, who had a room in the basement, set apart as his office. He also was a new man, but had made himself acquainted with all the tenants and with the nature of their holdings. Mr. Chamberlain took their money and gave them a piece of paper with his signature on it in exchange; but beyond the ordinary greetings and some commonplace remarks he was careful to say nothing. All would have an opportunity of seeing and conversing with the squire, he told them, after the business of the office was concluded, and those of them who had anything very particular to say could have an interview with him privately in the library, only they were to be as short as they could and not to trouble him with any details about their farms, of which, of course, Mr. Neville could know nothing at all. Darker it was noticed by all was not present; they knew he was in a bad way; and Jenkins, who, it was also suspected, was going down hill, though he waited for his turn to go into the office, and looked as if he did not care for anybody, was silent and morose, and answered only in monosyllables when spoken to. It was observed that he kept his hands in his pockets, which might be, as some one heartlessly observed, to take care of the money they contained, or, perhaps, because he had got nothing else to put there.

Mr. Brownlow and his son Michael were among the first who waited upon the squire after they had done their business with his steward. Mr. Neville rose as

soon as he heard their name, and advanced two or three steps to meet them.

"My oldest tenants," he said, "if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes," said the elder Brownlow; "quite the oldest, I believe. I and my father before me have held the Goshen, or the Grange as it used to be called, under your uncle and his father before him for half a century."

They stood opposite each other, a strange contrast in appearance and manner, and no less different in their thoughts, dispositions, and habits. John Brownlow, a tall, broad-shouldered man, grey-headed, with many a furrow upon his brow, but with hale red cheeks, large confident eyes, which fell before no man's, and firm resolute lips; and yet without any token of harshness, or ungentleness even, in the general expression of his features; a man to whom any one in real distress would look up with hope and courage; while the professional tramp or impostor would pass him by in silence. His coat was of good black broadcloth, broad-tailed, with large pockets and flaps to them, built without regard to modern fashion, but well-suited to his own stalwart figure. He wore knee-breeches and gaiters, with thick-soled boots, well polished, and carried his low-crowned and broad-brimmed hat in his hand. A staunch man, well-to-do, industrious, and thriving, of the old yeoman type. In face, figure, and costume he bore a much nearer resemblance to the late squire's father, whose portrait hung over the mantelpiece above him, than did the young man who stood facing him, who was the nephew and the heir.

Henry Neville—or Neville-Thornton, as he now desired to be called, in token of his claim to the estates—instead of being clean-shaved and ruddy, like the old gentleman in the portrait, was bearded and sallow. His features were thin and sharp, and he had a nervous, restless look, due chiefly to the expression of his eyes, which rested only for a moment upon the face of any one to whom he addressed himself, and then glanced aside to some other object, now here, now there, as if their owner had no proper control over them. The eyelids also quivered almost incessantly, especially when he was speaking. The lower part of his face, concealed as it was by a mass of hair, was wanting in expression, and although his lips were parted with a faint smile sometimes, no other feature was seen to move or brighten in sympathy. It was a mechanical smile, destitute of life or meaning; it revealed a set of sharp, but irregular teeth, and far from being pleasant to look upon, excited a feeling of surprise if not distrust in the beholder. He spoke rapidly, and yet with hesitation, checking himself as if he were afraid of saying too much.

"It is a fine day," Mr. Neville-Thornton remarked, after a pause, during which he and his tenants had been almost unconsciously measuring each other.

Michael snorted, as much as to say they had not come there to hear that.

There was another pause, and then the squire extended his hand, as if to signify that the interview was at an end—they had neither of them anything to say, and they had said it.

But Mr. Brownlow, without appearing to notice the gesture, remarked, "Fine weather will now be very acceptable. We have had a trying year."

"A trying year?" Mr. Neville answered; "I am afraid you agriculturists are too much given to com-

plaining of the weather, and are rather hard to please."

"Complaining is not the word," said Brownlow; "we have none of us any right to complain of what God sends us—nor reason either, in the long run."

"I thought the seasons had been rather favourable on the whole," the squire continued. He remembered having had tolerably fine weather in Italy.

"If you had had your hay crops to get in last summer, and barley and wheat, and so on, you would not have said so," Michael interposed.

"Possibly. I never did 'reap and sow and plough and mow,' and all that sort of thing, myself."

"And our rents have to be paid all the same whatever our crops may be. That is where we feel it."

"Let us be thankful we can pay it, Michael," said his father, taking the receipt from his pocket and looking at it with satisfaction. "This is my twenty-fifth rent-day—my silver rent-day, as I call it; my fiftieth—my golden rent-day—dating from my father before me; and we never were a day behind yet, neither of us. That is something to think of and to be thankful for, as your mother would say, Michael; and I say it too."

"Quite right, Mr. Brownlow," said the squire. "I hope you will always be equally ready—as long as you continue to be my tenant, at all events."

He looked for an instant at Brownlow's face as he spoke, but glanced away again immediately.

"I hope there is no likelihood of anything else," Mr. Brownlow answered, with a quail at his heart.

"I hope not," said the squire. "I leave all these things to Mr. Chamberlain, as, of course, you know. It would not do for me to interfere with his arrangements. There must be changes from time to time, of course; but I should be sorry to lose a tenant who is so punctual and 'thankful' as you are, Mr. Brownlow. You must settle it with Chamberlain."

"I would rather settle it with you, sir, if there is anything to settle. A word from you will be sufficient. I cannot think you will allow me to be disturbed after all the years the Goshen has been in our family. Just tell me I am safe and I shall go home contented."

"Contented!" the squire exclaimed, with a laugh. "Contented! That is not much from a man of your sentiments; though it would be a great deal from most farmers. Of course I don't mean to disturb you if I can help it; but Chamberlain did say something about a change of farms. I am not sure that you would be a sufferer; exchange is no robbery, you know. I don't know enough about the property to be able to say what is to be done. He wants a good house, and to be near the Hall, as is natural. Those are the chief points."

Mr. Brownlow's heart sank. The Goshen lay nearer the Hall than any other of the farms, and the house belonging to it was, as every one knew, the best on the estate. Mr. Brownlow could understand only too well that the steward would like to have it; and that his wife would second his wishes, if she did not lead them; but he could scarcely believe that he intended to turn him out of it, that he might take it for himself. He saw, however, that it would be no use saying anything more to the squire on the subject just then; so he turned to leave the room.

Michael lingered. He was chafing very much at what had been said. He looked upon Chamberlain as a rival, and consequently as a foe. Mr. Neville,

it may be remembered, had rejected Michael's proposal for the management of his estate, playing with him until he had found another steward, and then curtly declining his assistance. The wound was fresh in his memory; but he had had time to get over the first smart, and had resolved to keep on good terms with the squire, as a matter of policy. Chamberlain, though he might be a good man of business, was not much of a farmer; he had no science. Michael hoped to show his superiority in this respect, and to gain the squire's confidence. Chamberlain was new and untried. He might not keep his situation long; and then there would be another chance for Michael.

With these thoughts Michael would have stayed behind to have a few words with the squire alone; but as his father did not offer to leave the room without him, he was obliged to speak in his presence.

"I understand," he said, "that you are likely to have one or two farms vacant. Darker's, I have heard talked about, and perhaps Jenkins's; I don't wish to interfere with them as long as they remain; and I don't want, of course, to turn them out; that would be a mean thing to do. But if you will give me an opportunity of taking anything that may be unoccupied I shall be glad. I am helping my father at present; but I could manage a bit of land on my own account as well; you wouldn't mind, father, would you? I could improve the property, too, by introducing the newest scientific ideas. Farming is not what it used to be, Mr. Neville, as you know. You want men who can march with the times; men who understand their profession, and can be independent of the weather and other natural causes. A scientific man will make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before, and force the land, as one may say, to yield better crops of every sort. With more science we should have higher profits, and—and—"

"Higher rents," Mr. Neville suggested. "Very good!"

"Well, it might come to that in the end, perhaps," Michael acquiesced; "but of course not just at first: because of the outlay for machinery, and so on. I am a scientific man, Mr. Neville, as you have heard. I could do justice to your land. I could work it on the newest principles. I should make it pay me; and as for the weather"—he tossed his head, and snorted contemptuously—"I should not be dependent on the weather, like some people!"

"Michael! Michael!" said his father, astonished and dismayed at what he heard. "You talk like a heathen."

"On the contrary, he talks like a sensible man," said the squire. "Self-reliance is the first step to prosperity. A man can do almost anything he likes if he has confidence in himself."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Brownlow. "The best man that ever lived can do no more than cultivate his land and sow his seed. He may sleep and rise, night and day, but with all his care and watching—ay, and science into the bargain—when the grass grows and the corn springs up and the grain ripens, it will be 'he knows not how.' The Lord above, who has promised that while the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease, can alone make a man's labour that he doeth under the sun to prosper. You will excuse me, sir; but my son thinks too much of his science and too little of the blessing from above, without which all

the science in the world would be but folly. And when he hears a gentleman in your position talk as you do, it is not good for him—no, nor for any of us."

Mr. Neville laughed—a joyless laugh. Why do cynics smile? What is there in the serious convictions of others that should excite their mirth? What is it that such men take pleasure in, if pleasure it can be called? Is it the thought of their own superior intelligence, the contemplation of their own wisdom contrasted with the ignorance or superstition, as they deem it, of others who are more in earnest than themselves, and have more reason to be so? However this may be, Mr. Neville-Thornton laughed, and, looking Mr. Brownlow in the face for an instant, said:

"Your son talks sensibly for all that. He has learnt something at his agricultural college. You are not a scientific man yourself, you know, Brownlow. I am. Not in agriculture. I don't profess to know much about that; but I go in for science and philosophy in general."

"I have always had science enough to earn my living and educate my children, and pay my rent and save a trifle, too, thank God," said old Brownlow. "I owe it all to Him, first and last. I don't disregard the weather and the seasons, and yet I am as independent of them as any man can be, for I look to Him who rules them all, and can give us what we want, and make even what we don't want to answer best for us in the end. Science! What is science? A sensible observance of God's laws, and an effort to work under them and with them. I think as much of science, properly so called, as anybody need, or I should not have sent my son to a scientific college; but I had rather be a day-labourer, with no knowledge at all, except to drive a plough or handle a hoe, in dependence upon the promise, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' than the most scientific agriculturist in all the world, trusting in his own endeavours."

"There, that will do," said the squire. "Your son and I shall understand each other, I dare say."

"I hope so," said Michael, pleased, in spite of his better feelings, with Mr. Neville's evident approval; "and about the land?"

"I'll talk to Chamberlain. I don't know that he will care to cultivate Windy Gorse, even if he remains there. He may not wish to keep it in his own hands."

"I shouldn't like Michael to have it, with all his science," old John Brownlow interrupted; "nor Rushy Pastures neither. He could do no good with such land as that, nor—with such principles as his—anywhere."

"We'll see about it," said the squire, winking at Michael to signify his indifference to what the old man was saying.

"Thank you," Michael answered; "not but what father is right, though, to a certain extent, of course."

"Of course, of course," said the squire. But the cold cynical smile rested again upon his lips as he spoke, as much as to say, "You and I know better, though, do we not?"

Michael was unwilling to consent, even by silence, to a thought or hint which seemed to reflect upon his father, yet he could not help feeling flattered at the young squire's evident appreciation of his own intelligence, and not knowing what to say, or how to express his feelings, came to the conclusion that it was better

to say nothing at all; and making his bow to Mr. Neville followed old John Brownlow out of the room.

CHAPTER XII.—THE DINNER.

My haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

—Shakespeare.

A SUBSTANTIAL dinner was prepared for the tenants; and as soon as business was over they all took their seats. Business had been of a very one-sided character that day, so far. They had paid their rents to the steward and had also paid their respects, most of them, to the new squire. They had preferred their requests and made known their grievances to the steward, and had been referred by him to the squire. They had repeated the statement of their wants and difficulties to the squire, and had been referred back to the steward. They could get no relief for the present, nor any promises for the future; no ten per cent. returned upon their rents, no prospect of any change, except perhaps a rise next year.

Now their turn was come; and though only in the shape of roast beef and pigeon pie, with plum puddings and tarts to follow, they were quite ready to take advantage of it as far as it went.

Mr. Neville took his place at the head of the table, with the steward at his right hand, and Mr. Brownlow, as the senior tenant, at his left. The squire, on being reminded by Mr. Chamberlain, who rapped upon the table with the handle of his knife, said something which was supposed to be a grace, and the clatter of knives and forks immediately began.

"You don't eat," said the squire to Brownlow, observing that he had scarcely touched the plate which was before him.

"No," he replied; "I'm not hungry."

Michael, who sat next to his father, overheard the squire's remark and his answer to it. His heart smote him, and the bit which he was in the act of swallowing seemed to stick in his throat.

"Don't be put out, father," he said, "by any of my talk. I don't mean any harm. You are not angry with me, I hope?"

"Angry? No. Go on—eat your dinner. Don't mind me."

"I can't eat if you don't."

But Mr. Brownlow could only shake his head and play with his knife and fork, in order to avoid observation. Michael's appetite also was spoilt by the sight. Neither of them made anything of a meal that day.

After dinner the squire's health was drunk; and Mr. Neville, rising to his feet, made a short speech in acknowledgment of the compliment.

"He was going away immediately," he said.

"Hear! hear!" in an undertone from two or three of the tenants at the farther end of the table. Jenkins was among them; and they had none of them got what they wanted.

The squire did not hear them, and went on:

"He had been anxious, before again leaving the country, to have the pleasure of receiving his tenants."

"And their money," from Jenkins, who, by-the-by, had not brought the whole of his.

"And expressing to them all his good wishes—"

"Thank you for nothing," Jenkins again.

"It was the first time he had had the pleasure of standing in that position."

"It would not matter much if it were to be the last!"

"He had a great regard for the memory of his uncle who was dead, and more particularly—"

"For what he had left behind him."

There was a little confusion at this point. The speaker had perceived that some one at the other end of the table was making remarks, and those not of a flattering kind, but he did not know what he was saying. He paused; and Jenkins coughed behind his hand, and after that was silent.

"He did not pretend to know much about agriculture," the squire went on.

"Hear, hear!" openly from two or three voices.

"And must leave everything in the way of business to his steward."

"No, no," openly again.

"He was sorry the seasons had been against them, as he had been informed, if such was really the case."

"Yes, yes."

"He hoped they would have better luck next year."

John Brownlow looked up at him and murmured "Luck!"

"If not, they must try to make up for it by skill and enterprise. Science had made such strides lately as almost to render the farmer, who was prepared to avail himself of her help, independent of times and seasons."

Some murmurs were heard at this juncture, and the speaker hesitated, looked at his watch, and then said, rather abruptly, they must excuse him, he had to catch the train at Nobottle, and must go; and, suiting the action to the word, he rose and left the room.

"He is not independent of times and seasons, it appears," said Jenkins. The others looked after him in silence, only Chamberlain rising and going with him.

Presently the sound of wheels was heard in the fore-court, and those who went to the window saw Mr. Neville's luggage put upon the carriage.

"There goes our money," said Jenkins; "off to France, or Spain, or somewhere. That's all the good we shall get by it."

Soon afterwards Mr. Neville himself was seen to enter the carriage and drive off.

HER MAJESTY'S TRAINING SHIPS.



WE are indebted to Mr. Thomas Blake, M.P., for the following notes of a visit of inspection to the various training ships for boys in her Majesty's navy.

Without seeking it, a very pleasant mission has been delegated to me. It came about in this way. Having occasion in the last Session of Parliament to

address to the First Lord of the Admiralty certain questions relating to flogging and other matters of discipline on board the Royal Naval Training Ships for Boys, the right hon. gentleman followed up his courteous replies in public by earnest entreaties in private that during the recess I would "make an opportunity for visiting the training ships Ganges, at Falmouth; Impregnable, Implacable, and Lion, at Devonport; Boscawen, at Portland; and St. Vincent, at Portsmouth." I was especially desired to satisfy myself "as to the internal economy, and the system of training and education of these ships; also to see the boys under all circumstances, both in school and at drill, at work and at play, and also at their meals."

Armed with this commission, and the assurance (also in the handwriting of the First Lord) that the commanders would give me full information as to the discipline enforced and the punishments inflicted, I visited each of the ships. My inquiries, which related to everything affecting the service, were met by the commanders in the fullest and frankest manner. The further these inquiries were pursued, the more was I charmed with all I saw and heard. All the officers, from the captains downwards, are evidently actuated by a high sense of duty, and a real desire to benefit the boys under their charge. The importance of the work done on board these ships, so expeditiously and effectively, cannot be overestimated by the nation. For the benefit of those who, living inland, see nothing, and hear but little, of royal naval training ships, I have been induced to pen a few notes relative thereto.

These ships must not be confounded with certain training ships to which young criminals are sent by magistrates, nor even with the training ships for the mercantile navy.

No boy is received in royal naval ships without his

own assent, and the assent and authority of his parents or guardians. This consent must be in writing. Boys must also be healthy, of good character, from 15 to 16½ years of age, not less than 5ft. high, or measuring less than 30in. round the chest. On entering they receive the following articles of clothing *free*:—Cloth cap, 2 cloth trousers, 3 duck trousers, serge trousers, 2 duck jumpers, duck bag, 2 flannels, 3 drill frocks, 2 blue serge frocks (thick and thin), shoes, 2 combs, scissors, knife, 2 cotton shirts, 2 bed-covers, black silk handkerchief, 2 towels, worsted cap, cap ribbon, 2 pair stockings, and comforter. The prime cost of this outfit is about £6. Each one further receives, on being rated first-class boy, £2 10s. extra for clothing purposes. His pay on entering is 6d. per day. This, on becoming first-class, is raised to 7d. per day. A boy can also get a penny per week for each good conduct stripe and crown, making an extra 4d. per week. This he can spend in addition to his other pocket-money. Boys can, out of their ordinary pay, send home money to their parents or guardians at the following rates:—First-class boys, 8s. a month; second-class boys, 6s. a month. They remain in the training ships about two years, when they become ordinary seamen, and serve and receive pay as such. Their engagement is to serve the Queen till they are twenty-eight years of age, when they can leave or re-enter the service.

Boys rise at 5 in the summer, and turn in at 9 p.m. In the winter they rise at 6, and turn in at 8.30. The daily routine is as follows:—Decks are washed in summer before breakfast. Breakfast quarter before 7. From 7.30 to 8.30 sail drill, aloft. From 8.30 to 9, inspection. Prayers by the chaplain. From 9 to 11.30 drill in classes; the boys are about equally divided in three parts—one-third gunnery, one-third seamanship, and one-third at school. From 11.30 to 12, drill again aloft. From 12 to 1, dinner. This is a goodly sight. At the call of the bugle the boys swarm in, with the greatest order, from all parts of the ship, to the well-loaded tables. Grace is said by all in unison, and a very substantial meal is made. Each table or mess accommodates about 20 boys. Two boys are told off to each mess as captains, and are distinguished by an embroidered anchor on each arm. They are held responsible for the good order and cleanliness of their messes, and for portioning out the food to each boy. If, on inspection, it is found that any boy has an unfair proportion of bone, the captain of the mess is made to exchange dinners with the one who has the inferior share. From 1 to 3.30 the three classes of exercises—seamanship, school, and gunnery—as in the morning. From 3.30 to 5.30, mending clothes, boat exercise, athletic exercises, bathing, swimming, etc., etc. At 5.30, tea or supper.

The work of the day now being over, the school-rooms are thrown open, and well lighted, to enable boys to write letters, read books, and to amuse themselves with quiet games, as draughts, chess, bagatelle, dominos, etc. Card-playing, dice, and gambling are strictly prohibited, also all intoxicating drinks, and tobacco, whether for smoking or chewing. The utmost cheerfulness is encouraged. Each ship contains a lending library of about 800 volumes, carefully selected, entertaining, and instructive. Nor are the boys kept in ignorance of what is going on in the world. A long list of daily papers and periodicals is regularly supplied for the use of the boys. Mental food is provided in abundance and variety.

So also is that for the body. Meat is given every morning with breakfast. Fresh beef four days each week for dinner, fresh mutton two days each week, and corned pork one day, with abundance of vegetables, plum-pudding, suet and Yorkshire pudding, etc. The strong and healthy appearance of the boys shows that their food is suitable and sufficient, and speaks well for their total abstinence training.

Neither are their spiritual wants neglected. Religious instruction is given by the chaplain regularly to all Church of England lads; they learn the Church of England Catechism, and the parables and miracles of our Lord from the New Testament. There is a full service on board every Sunday morning, which all attend, except the Roman Catholics, who have their own ministers. Nonconformists are, if they desire to do so, allowed to go on shore to attend their services.

Every Thursday afternoon, and also on Sunday afternoon, the boys have holiday and go on shore. They have also holidays four times in each year, amounting to about nine weeks in the whole—viz., three weeks at Christmas, and two weeks each at Easter, Midsummer, and Michaelmas. Their pay goes on the same as when on board. The railway companies carry them at about one-eighth the ordinary fares. They are thus enabled to go home and visit distant friends. They can write and receive letters on board without stint or any kind of supervision, the only restriction being their ability to pay the postage of them. During the winter evenings they have magic-lantern exhibitions on board, and in the summer athletic sports and games are provided for them on shore. Each ship has a good band of brass and stringed instruments, in which the boys show much musical talent.

Every boy is taught to swim. This is accomplished on an average in about seven lessons. The swimming baths attached to the ships at Devonport were invented by Captain Hickley, of H.M.S. *Impregnable*. The bath resembles a gigantic flat-bottomed cradle, formed of strong pieces of wood, an inch or two apart. It is very long and wide, and is about 4ft. 6in. deep. This is sunk in the sea, near to the ship, and securely anchored. Around the top, on the surface of the water, is a wide plank, also some iron standards, through which a rope is passed. This enables the instructor and boys to walk round with safety. Steps at each end lead down, and as no boy can by any possibility be washed out of the bath or sink, this gives them that confidence which is the greatest requisite for learning to swim. Athletics are taught daily by a marine corporal.

Every boy is taught to read and write well and correctly from dictation. Arithmetic is taught to the rule of three. Some boys go forward and learn fractions, vulgar and decimal. All are able to use the needle in mending and making various articles. With great pride many of the boys exhibited specimens of their needlework. Some were executed in coloured wools, and framed for the purpose of presentation to their friends on shore. On each deck there are various models, all perfect, of ships, and all parts of ships, compasses, guns, semaphore signals, flags, ropes, sails, blocks, capstans, anchors, etc., etc. By the aid of these, as well as by the ship itself, the instructors give their daily lessons. Periodical examinations are made in each section. So proficient do boys become in two years in the theory and practice of seamanship, that any of them would be able

to take a second mate's berth in a merchant ship, and many a first mate's berth.

For the last portion of their two years they serve on gunnery ships, and also go out to sea for six weeks in a training brig. They then go as ordinary seamen to her Majesty's ships of war. The numbers borne on each ship at the time of my visits (August and September) were as follow :—

	2nd Class.	1st Class.	Total.
Impregnable	478	412	890
Implacable	417	331	748
St. Vincent	288	296	584
Boscawen	339	152	491
Ganges	262	108	370

H.M.S. Lion is a tender to H.M.S. Implacable.

This gives a total of 3,083 boys. These numbers could be increased to 5,000.

The ships are all old—wood, of the old three-decker type—and have done good service to the nation. They are in other respects well adapted for their present purpose. The Implacable was taken from the French, not actually at, but a day or two after, the battle of Trafalgar, and has been in constant use by us ever since. Training ships are a comparatively modern institution. Within my recollection the royal navy had to depend upon volunteers from the merchant service, from agricultural and other labourers, or a class of persons who knew nothing whatever of the duties required of them.

The boys are instructed in the use of the rifle and cutlass; and, indeed, in everything likely to be required of them in actual service hereafter. I inspected the ships' stores. The food is of excellent quality, and well cooked. Cleanliness reigns everywhere. The boys are clean, their clothing is clean, the floors of the decks, school, desks, forms, tables, kitchen and cooking utensils, hammocks, bedding, guns, models, boats, ropes, sails, etc., are all beautifully clean.

Order pervades every department. Exercises go on with the regularity of clockwork. The boys all look well and happy. I questioned many of them whom I met in the streets, on leave, and, without exception, all spoke highly of their commanders and instructors, and of their love for the service. At the close of each day, just before "turning-in," a bell tolls, followed by a "still bugle." This is a signal for strict silence on board for a space of three or four minutes, and affords opportunity for all who are so inclined to engage in private devotion.

I have now to speak on a subject which to me appears a blot on a system in other respects all but perfect, and which has won my highest admiration. I refer to corporal punishment. This punishment is surrounded by many safeguards to prevent its abuse. It is not excessive; it is growing less. Surely the kind and generous hearts which have devised so liberally, in so many ways, to promote the health and happiness, the mental, moral, and physical well-being of these young blue jackets, can devise some other form of punishment, equally effective, but less degrading, in its character. The maximum punishment which can be inflicted is twelve cuts with a cane (which is somewhat thick and 3 ft. long) or twenty-four cuts with a stout birch of equal length. The marine corporal administers the punishment in the presence of the doctor, the officers, and all the boys. The caning is given on the breech, but through the trousers, the culprit being held for the purpose. It is otherwise with the birching. The culprit is tied

up by his wrists, round which canvas straps are fastened, secured also by a strap round his waist, from which he is stripped downwards, and is flogged with the birch on his naked breech. Apart from the pain inflicted, the degradation of so treating a boy of seventeen or eighteen, just entering upon man's estate, in the presence of 700 or 800 of his comrades, is a degradation which ought to be, and might be, abolished. Having said this, I am bound to say, in justice to the commanders, that the maximum number of cuts is rarely given with either cane or birch.

Considering the class from which many of the boys are received, and the necessity for enforcing discipline, corporal punishment is sparingly resorted to. This could be proved if space permitted by giving the actual number of stripes inflicted during the last three years in each of the ships, as shown by their books. These I extracted and carefully averaged. They show that for each thousand boys, as nearly as possible, about 1 in 1,000 is caned daily, and 1 in 1,000 is birched weekly. This is certainly not excessive. In one ship 104 birchings in three years comprised 1,712 cuts, giving an average of 16 cuts each. This average may be taken for the other ships. The safeguards against the abuse of this mode of punishment are that it can only be inflicted by warrant in writing, under the hand of the commander or first lieutenant. Every case is first fully investigated in the presence of the accuser and accused on the day following the commission of the offence. The particulars are recorded in books. The warrants are numbered consecutively, and are reported to the Admiralty. Before awarding punishment, reference is made to the ledger account kept against each offender, and previous offences or good conduct marks, as the case may be, are duly considered. Caning is inflicted for insubordination, chewing or smoking tobacco on board, committing nuisances, using bad language, etc. Birching is inflicted for the graver offences, as desertion, drunkenness, theft, etc. Seeing that only the most incorrigible get birched, and that these are so few in number, it would be no great loss to the navy, and a positive gain to the well-conducted boys, if these, all other means failing, were dismissed the Queen's service.

I cannot close without expressing my cordial thanks to all the commanders and officers for the courteous manner in which I was received on board the ships, and the readiness with which all information sought was tendered. If every member of the House of Commons could have seen, as I saw, the good and important work done on board these ships, I venture to predict that, whatever other National Estimates were opposed, those for our Royal Naval Training Ships would be cheerfully voted. Seldom has it been my privilege to meet in one assembly so many bright, intelligent, happy-looking boys, or boys with such an erect and manly bearing, as I met on board these ships. It was difficult to realise that only a few weeks previously numbers of them had been street boys. The change effected in so short a time is marvellous. Till the nations shall learn some "more excellent way" to settle their differences than by shot and shell, fire and sword, the navy will continue to be considered the right arm of England. A better and more effective training for those who are to wield that arm than that which the thousands of these boys are now receiving, I cannot conceive. From my heart, therefore, I say, Success to the Training Ships of her Majesty's Navy!



THE TROUBLES OF A CHINAMAN.

BY JULES VERNE.

CHAPTER IV.—KIN-FO AT HOME.

A YAMEN is a collection of various buildings arranged in parallel lines, and crossed at right-angles by a corresponding series. As a general rule, yamens are the property of the emperor, and occupied only by mandarins of high rank, but as they are not absolutely prohibited to men of very large means, Kin-Fo was in possession of one of these luxurious abodes.

He and Wang stopped at the principal entrance of the large enclosure that surrounded the entire structure, and comprehended all the gardens and court-yards. If the yamen had been the residence of a

claimants for justice, by day or by night, might have announced their arrival. In its place, however, were capacious porcelain jars kept constantly replenished by the house-steward with cold tea for the use of passers-by, a considerate act of generosity which earned for Kin-Fo the good-will of all his neighbours.

Upon being apprised of their master's return, the whole household came forward to receive him. Valets, footmen, porters, coachmen, grooms, waiters, watchmen, and cooks, were all drawn up under the presidency of the steward; and some ten or twelve coolies, engaged by the month to do the rougher work, were seen hanging about in the background.

The steward stepped forward to give his master welcome, but Kin-Fo passed him with a careless wave of the hand, and only said,

"Where is Soon?"

Wang smiled and remarked,

"Just like him! Soon would not be himself if he were found in his proper place at the proper time."

Kin-Fo repeated the question.

The steward only said that he could not tell, nor did he suppose any one else could, what had become of Soon.

Soon was Kin-Fo's *valet-de-chambre*, his own special attendant, from whom no consideration would have induced him to part. Yet Soon was by no means a model servant. On the contrary, he was blundering and awkward, both with his tongue and with his hands; extremely greedy, and, withal, something of a coward; the very type, in fact, of the conventional Chinaman, as depicted upon hand-screens and teacups. On the whole, however, he was faithful to his employer, and was especially serviceable in one respect, inasmuch as he was the only being who seemed able to arouse him to a condition of activity. A dozen times a day would Kin-Fo work himself into a rage with Soon, the whole benefit of the exertion being lost upon the valet, but having the wholesome effect of occasionally shaking off the master's habitual apathy.

In a way not at all uncommon among Chinese servants Soon made a practice of coming and presenting himself for chastisement whenever his conscience told him he deserved it, and on these occasions his master never spared him. A few stripes on the man's back did very little more harm than a few drops of rain; but the great punishment which Soon dreaded was not a whipping, but the loss which was



THE YAMEN OF KIN-FO.

mandarin magistrate, instead of that of a private person, the carved and painted porch would have been furnished with a huge drum, upon which

the man's back did very little more harm than a few drops of rain; but the great punishment which Soon dreaded was not a whipping, but the loss which was

invariably visited upon him for any grave offence, of an inch or so of his cherished pigtail.

Nothing could exceed the value which a Chinaman puts upon this appendage. To be deprived of it is a disgrace that only terminates with life, and its removal is reserved as a Government punishment for criminals. When Soon entered Kin-Fo's service, some four years back, he had been proud of a tail that was not much less than four feet in length; he had committed himself in misdemeanours so often that his tail now hardly exceeded two feet. He had only to go on transgressing at the same rate, and very soon he would be absolutely bald.

Followed respectfully by the entire household, Kin-Fo entered and crossed the garden. The trees for the most part were planted in pots which were themselves elaborate specimens of terra-cotta work, nearly every tree being cut into some grotesque shape or other, generally that of an animal. In the middle of the garden was a lake, liberally stocked with "gouramis" and gold-fish, the surface of the water being well-nigh concealed by the foliage and bright red blossoms of the nelumbo, which is the finest of the water-lilies of "the land of flowers." A passing salute was made to a hieroglyph, representing some mythical quadruped, which was painted in brilliant colours upon the wall, and in a few minutes the door of the main building was in sight.

It consisted of a ground floor with an upper storey, built upon a terrace approached by marble steps. Bamboo screens were stretched out above and before the windows and doors, with the design of modifying the internal temperature. The roof of the structure was quite flat, and hardly seemed to harmonise with the embattled parapets, the variegated tiles, and the enamelled bricks that gave so fantastic a character to the surrounding buildings.

Inside, with the exception of a few rooms ordinarily occupied by Kin-Fo and Wang, the apartments were all spacious saloons furnished with a number of cabinets with transparent panels, the panels being profusely decorated at one place with carvings of fruit and flowers, at another with sentences of the proverbial wisdom in which the Celestials delight. Seats were everywhere in profusion, the prevailing material being terra-cotta, porcelain, wood, or marble, although the stuffed and softer couches of the West were by no means wanting. Lamps of every design, and lanterns of every hue, were suspended in all directions, all decorated with fringes and tassels as variegated as the equipage of a Spaniard. An article of furniture that seemed indispensable everywhere was "cha-kis," or little tea-table, to be brought into requisition upon a moment's notice.

Hour after hour might have been spent in examining the many nick-nacks of ivory and mother-of-pearl, the bronzes inlaid with niello, the burners for exhaling perfume, the filigrees of gold and white and emerald green, the vases of prismatic glass, historic with the memories of the dynasty of Ming and T'ing, the still rarer porcelain of the age of Yen,

and all the enamels, wonderful in that pink and yellow transparency of which the secret of the production seems now completely lost. Look around, and it must be owned that here indeed is a dwelling of luxury; the West has conspired to assist the East, and together they have wrought a concentration of ease, of beauty, and of magnificence.

Kin-Fo was really a man of liberal, advanced, and progressive views; he would have been the very last



THE VALET'S PUNISHMENT.

to offer opposition to the introduction of any modern invention, and was the most unlikely of all men to entertain a prejudice against the civilisation of the West. Science in any form commended itself to his approval; no sympathy had he with the barbarians who cut the electric cable, laid down to facilitate the working of the English and American mails; neither was he a partisan of the antiquated mandarins who refused to permit the submarine cable between Shanghai and Hong-Kong to be joined to the mainland, insisting upon its being only attached to a boat in the open river. He had, on the other hand, associated himself avowedly with the party that backed up the Government in constructing docks and arsenals at Foo-Choo, under the direction of French engineers; he held shares in the China Steamship Company, that works the service between Tien-Tsin and Shang-Hai; and, moreover, had money invested in the venture of anticipating the English mail by four days, through

the establishment of a line of fast ships from Singapore.

There was hardly a modern scientific appliance that had not been adopted in his house; he had a telephone that placed him in communication with every department of the yamen; he had electric bells fitted to every chamber; during the winter he had fires which gave a genial warmth, whilst nearly all his countrymen were shivering in blankets over their empty grates; he burned gas, like the Inspector of Customs at Peking, seeing no reason why he should be outdone by Yang, the leading pawnbroker of the empire; and, finally, he had ignored the ordinary habit of writing by hand, and for his private correspondence had purchased one of the phonographs recently brought to great perfection by Edison.

In spite of everything, however, and although he seemed to have all the resources which mortal man could ask for enjoyment, Wang's pupil had not acquired the philosophy which made him truly happy; Soon's vagaries every now and then might serve to awaken him from the drowsiness of apathy; but manifestly, after all, there was a missing element in the conditions of genuine felicity.

He entered the vestibule, the spacious hall that opens into the other chambers, but still the expected valet did not make his appearance. The conjecture was only too easy to make: Soon had evidently been guilty of some misdemeanour, and was in no hurry to show himself; he was keeping away to the last possible moment, aware that to come into his master's presence was to put his precious pigtail into new peril.

Kin-Fo was impatient, and shouted,

"Soon! Soon!"

Wang took up the cry and called,

"Soon!"

But the valet, if he were within hearing, was not to be moved.

"He is quite incorrigible," said Wang; "no precepts of philosophy do him any good."

Kin-Fo stamped his foot, and summoned the steward.

"Find Soon, and send him to me!"

The whole household was set in motion; the missing valet had to be hunted out.

Finding himself and Kin-Fo alone, Wang took the opportunity of saying,

"The voice of wisdom admonishes the weary traveller that he should take repose."

"Yes; we may do worse than listen to the voice of wisdom," Kin-Fo replied.

Accordingly, they each retired to their own apartments.

Flinging himself upon a luxurious couch, a piece of furniture of European make, which no Chinese upholsterer could have imagined, Kin-Fo began to muse. Where else should his thoughts so naturally turn, as to the beautiful and accomplished lady he was about to make his own for life? Her home was at Peking. There Kin-Fo was about to join her. He debated with himself whether or no he should apprise her of his intended visit. It would, he thought, undoubtedly be well to express some impatience to see her again, and certainly he regarded her with sincere affection. Wang had adduced many logical proofs that there was no mistake about the matter, and might it not really be that the step he was about to take would really introduce the elements of happiness which hitherto his experience had somehow missed?

He mused on; he closed his eyes; his ponderings became indistinct; he was all but falling asleep, when he felt a sudden tickling in his right hand; instinctively he closed his fingers, and grasped a knotted cane. He knew at once what had happened. The bamboo-rod had been slipped into his hand by his valet, who crouched by his side, and meekly said,

"When master pleases!"

Kin-Fo started up and brandished the cane. Soon crouched down to the carpet. Supporting himself with his left hand, he held up a letter in his right.

"For you," he said, "this is for you."

"Rascal, where have you been?" cried Kin-Fo.

"Ai, ai, ja," groaned Soon; "I did not expect you till the third watch. Beat me! beat me! I am ready, when master pleases."

The valet's face turned several degrees paler as his master flung the cane angrily on the ground.

"Tell me," exclaimed Kin-Fo, "why is it you expect a beating? What have you done? Tell me at once!"

"This letter," gasped Soon.

"Well, what about that letter?" shouted Kin-Fo, and he snatched it from his hand.

"I forgot it; I forgot to give it you before you went to Canton."

"A week ago, you vagabond; come here."

"I am a crab without claws," piteously bewailed Soon.

"Come here!" shrieked his master.

"Ai, ai, ja!" moaned the servant.

This "ai, ai, ja" was a wail of despair. Already Kin-Fo had seized the unfortunate valet by his pigtail, and in an instant had caught up a pair of scissors and snipped off its tip.

The crab soon found its claws again, and after scrupulously picking up every morsel of the hair that was lying on the carpet, made his escape from the room. Twenty-three inches before, the tail was only twenty-two now.

Kin-Fo threw himself back upon the couch. He was calm enough when Soon was gone. It had been only his valet's negligence that had irritated him; he thought nothing about the letter. Why should a letter give him any concern?

He dozed again, and opening his eyes gazed abstractedly upon the envelope he held in his hand. It was unusually thick, the postage-stamps were purple and chocolate, of the value of two and six cents respectively; plainly it had come from the United States.

"Ah, yes; from my correspondent at San Francisco;" and he threw the letter to the far end of the sofa.

"May be the Central Bank shares in California have gone up twenty per cent; the dividends this year have improved; these things do not matter much to me." But though the current of his thoughts ran in this casual kind of way, his hand after a few minutes seemed instinctively to lay hold upon the letter again, and he opened it. He glanced at the signature.

"Just so," he muttered; "as I supposed—from my American agent; to-morrow will be time enough to attend to that."

He was on the point of flinging the letter aside for the second time, when the word "liability" caught his eye. It was written large and underlined at the top of the second page. His curiosity was unusually aroused, and he perused the entire document. For

a moment, as he read on, his eyebrows contracted, but before he had finished, a contemptuous smile curled round his lips.

Rising from his seat he moved a few steps to an acoustic tube that communicated with Wang's apartment, he placed his lips to the mouthpiece, but suddenly altered his mind, and went back to lie down again.

"Pooh!" he said, with his usual characteristic expression.

Presently he murmured to himself,

"To me it is nothing, but to her! to her it is a matter of much greater concern."

He rose again, and going to a little lacquered table on which stood an oblong box richly carved, was about to open it, but he paused and said to himself,

"What did she say in her last letter?"

Instead of raising the lid of the box he touched a spring at its side, and immediately the soft accents of a female voice were heard.

"My beloved elder brother! Am I not better to you than the Mei-hora flower in the first moon? Am I not sweeter to you than the apricot bloom of the second moon, or the peach bloom of the third? Ten thousand greetings to my beloved!"

"Poor little thing!" sighed Kin-Fo, as he opened

the box and removed the sheet of tinfoil covered with a series of indented dots that it contained, and replaced it by another.

The tender message had been conveyed by the phonograph, then recently discovered.

Kin-Fo then applied his own lips to the mysterious machine. For a few seconds she continued to speak with clear and distinct utterance, betraying in its equanimity no sign either of joy or sorrow. He had only a few sentences to say. He stopped the action of the instrument, removed the tinfoil on which the needle within had left its marks, placed the document safely in an envelope, sealed it, and writing from right to left, directed it to

Madam La-oo,

Cha-Cooa Avenue,

Peking.

In answer to an electric bell a messenger promptly appeared, and the letter forthwith was dispatched to the post.

An hour later and Kin-Fo had again sought repose. He had rested his arms upon his "choo-foo-jeu," a pillow contrived for coolness out of plaited bamboo, and very soon was fast asleep.



THE PHONOGRAPH.



FOLK-LORE FROM UNST, SHETLAND.

BY MRS. SAXBY, AUTHOR OF "DAALA-MIST."

II.

HAVING been always keenly interested in the Trows (or Drows), of whom numerous stories are extant, I made friends with the husband of a witch, hoping that he would be able to tell me something of their history. He was employed in building a boat at the time, I remember; and I used to seat myself for hours beside his simmering tarketle plying him with questions which he answered readily enough. I never dared to conjecture what his wife would have said, or done, if she had known that the secrets of her profession were being poured into the ears of the "doctor's bairn." The following imperfect account of the Trows is chiefly collected from the old boat-builder's endless yarns.

TROWS.

This interesting race of supernatural beings is closely allied to the Scandinavian Trolls, but has some very distinctive characteristics of its own. The Trow is not such a mischief-making sprite as the Troll, is more human-like in some respects, and his nature seems cast in a morbid, melancholy mould. We cease to wonder that it should be so when we learn that there are no female Trows. Fancy a world peopled by men alone! To be sure the Turk's heaven is such, but then he admits the Houris. Now the Trows do not have even pretty "puffs of gas" to enliven their Paradise. They only marry human wives, and as soon as the baby Trow is born the hapless young mother pines and dies. No Trow marries twice—in that respect they are far in advance of the race from whom they take their brides, so that their period of matrimonial felicity is very brief. It seems a wise arrangement (on the part of — ?) that there should never be more than one son to inherit the questionable character of a Trow. Were it otherwise, men might fear that the race would become too numerous and powerful. On the other hand, to provide against its extinction, no Trow can die until his son is grown up. Some philosophers of this species have tried to live a bachelor life under the pleasing impression that thus they might become immortal; but the wise law of this wise people has a statute to meet even such an emergency as that. The Trow who postpones matrimony beyond reasonable limits is outlawed until he brings to Trowland an earthly bride. The horrors of such a position must be worse than death, for seldom has a Trow been known to brave all consequences and become an outcast from his nation. I was told of one who, rebellious and impenitent, took up his abode in a ruined Broch, and for centuries was the terror of every one in the island. The only food he used was earth, which he formed into perfect models of fish, birds, cattle, children, and then gobbled them up with seeming relish. For a long time it was believed that these models were real creatures *done broun*, but some one was lucky enough

to discover the truth, and after that the fear of the Trow began to abate. He seems to have tired of his solitary life to a certain degree, and met the advances of human beings with a sort of pleasure. But his love of mischief usually brought all friendly overtures to abrupt conclusions. A witch who craved to know all the secrets of Trowland was rather assiduous in cultivating the old bachelor's acquaintance, and after a time she persuaded him into marrying her—he relying upon the assurance that *her* "art" knew how to prevent the death he dreaded. We know what happened to another who was similarly beguiled by a woman's tongue.

I greatly regret that an authentic account has not been preserved regarding this Trow's further history, but it breaks off at his marriage, and nothing further is known than that from this remarkable couple sprang a race differing from ordinary Trows, and soon becoming known by the name of Finis.* Those beings appear before a death, personating the individual who is to die. Sometimes they are seen by the person himself, sometimes by his friends, more often by "unchance folk." If we were acquainted with the moral government of Trowland we should doubtless discover some profound theory why the Finis should be the offspring of a Trow who feared death. The witch, whose charms proved so irresistible to the bachelor Trow, is said to have paid a clandestine visit to her mother, and to have divulged on that occasion many secrets hitherto unknown to mortals. She had evidently created no little sensation among the Trows—if we may take her mother's word—but we cannot suppose that she had found the life altogether so agreeable as the one she had quitted, for she gave many instructions how to provide against the enchantments used by Trows for the purpose of decoying unsuspecting girls into their unhallowed domain, and her parting advice was, "Noo, mam, mind ye hae da pör lasses weel cöst—aboot whan da grey womman—stalers are waunderin."

I understand the Trows to be a speculative race, for their eagerness to become possessed of human female *infants* seems boundless. Evidently they ponder deeply on the inconveniences attending their want of wives and daughters, and perhaps they experiment in the "bringing up" of girls. Much trouble would be saved if they restricted their experiments to grown women, but experience, doubtless, has taught them that children who never knew another land or life than that of the Trows would be more reconciled to it than the brides who are torn from earthly homes in the flower of their age. Some instances have been known of girls, who had been

* "Finis." Certainly this word is the same as that which often appears at the end of a volume. A Finis being the apparition which appears before death, before the end.

carried away in infancy, coming back in maiden prime with a wild unearthly beauty and glamour on them, and an unbroken silence regarding the land of their captivity. But they never came back to live. They seemed to have but the choice between death and the Trows, and they preferred "to follow death."

There are certain precautions taken by careful nurses to preserve baby girls from the Trows. If the necessary steps are not taken, be sure both mother and child will be snatched away. The following is one of many stories told.

The husband had gone to the fishing, and the old woman "in charge" ran over to a neighbour's cottage to gossip over a cup of tea, while mother and child were sleeping. The tea was potent, and the gossip well-spiced, and twilight had deepened before the old nurse thought of returning to her patient. As she neared the door she saw a small man *in grey* crossing the little kail-yard at the back of the house. He carried a heavy burden on his back, and a smaller one in his arms, and the old woman guessed the truth at once. Hurrying indoors with many misgivings she found a dead changeling and a mad wraith where the mother and baby had been. Alas! had she only remembered to lay crossed straws on the threshold, or place a circle of pins in the pillow, all had been safe. Shrieking, "Da Trow! da Trow!" she flew to alarm her neighbours, who thronged into the cottage right speedily. But all were powerless against supernatural agency. For a whole day the raving semblance of a woman sat huddled on the pillow, staring at the dead infant in her arms, which no one was permitted to remove. At the end of that time she saw fit to follow its example; and when the husband came home he was shown the lifeless bodies, and was assured that they were "none of his." In his ignorant grief the poor fellow refused to receive such a statement, and, after giving the dead Christian burial, he and the brothers of his wife treated the old nurse to a sort of lynch-law, for having (he affirmed) neglected her charge so as to cause the baby's death, which had "crazed da pör midder an hastened her end." As this husband contracted a second marriage, we must hope that No. 2 will escape the fate of No. 1, as a meeting in Trowland between the two wives might be awkward. Still more awkward would it be if the first wife were to return, for, deeply as the husband mourned her, I fear he is not prepared to welcome his lost spouse if she comes back to prove that the old nurse's statement was a true one.

The name of Trow has been superseded by that of Fairy, but the characteristics of the race have never changed, and a Shetland fairy is quite different from Shakespeare's English dainty creatures, and from Lover's queer Irish ones. It does not even resemble a Scotch brownie. Some of the old men used to sing wonderful lays of this unique fairyland which is located under the green knowes or sunny hillsides. The music of such songs was of a peculiarly wild, sweet kind, and the accompaniment was always played on the violin (an instrument so familiar that every Shetland boy learned to play upon it). Having once picked up a few verses of one of these ballads, I was anxious to procure all of it, but have been unsuccessful as yet. However, the greater part of the lay has been given me by my brother Biot, who inherits the family love of such lore. Here are the stanzas, with Mr. Edmondston's remarks:—

"Der lived a king inta da aste,
Scowan ürla grün;
Der lived a lady in da wast,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Dis king he has a huntin gaen,
Scowan ürla grün;
He's left his lady Isabel alane,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Oh! I wis ye'd never gaen away,
Scowan ürla grün;
For at your hame is döl an' wae,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

For da King o' Ferrie we his daert,
Scowan ürla grün;
Has pierced your lady to da hert,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Some stanzas here are forgotten, but the substance of them is that the lady is carried off by the fairies and the disconsolate king sets out in search of her. One day, in his wandering quest, he sees a company passing along a hillside, and he recognises amongst them his lost lady. They proceed to what seemed a great "ha'-house," or castle, on the hillside, the king following:—

"And aifter dem da king has gaen,
Scowan ürla grün;
But whan he cam it was a grey stane,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,
Scowan ürla grün;
Bit sair his hert we döl an' wae,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

And first he played da notes o' noy,
Scowan ürla grün;
An' dan he played da notes o' joy,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

An' dan he played da göd gabber reel,
Scowan ürla grün;
Dat meicht ha' made a sick hert hale,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac."

Some stanzas here are also forgotten, their purport being that a messenger from behind the "grey stane" now appears, and, in the name of the King of the Fairies, invites the king thus:—

"Noo come ye in inta wir ha',
Scowan ürla grün;
An' come ye in among wis ä',
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Now he's gaen in inta der ha',
Scowan ürla grün;
An' he's gaen in among dem ä',
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

Dan he took oot his pipes ta play,
Scowan ürla grün;
Bit sair his hert we döl an' wae,
Whar giorten han grün oarlac.

An' first he played da notes o' noy,
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
An' dan he played da notes o' joy,
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac.

An' dan he played da göd gabber reel
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
Dat meicht ha made a sick hert hae
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac.

Noo tell ta us what ye will hae,
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
What sall we gie you for your play,
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac.

What I will hae I will you tell,
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
An' dat's me Lady Isabel,
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac.

Yees tak your lady an' yees gaeng hame,
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
An' yees be king ower a' your ain,
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac.

He's ta'en his lady an' he's gaen hame,
Scowan ùrla grùn ;
An' noo he's king ower a' his ain,
Whar giorten han grùn oarlac."

"Probably there have been some stanzas between the first and second verses, as above. Surely," says Mr. Edmondston, "there would be something to tell of the king's wooing and bringing the lady from the 'wast' to his eastern home, but I am quite sure there was never any such verses in the ballad as sung by old Andrew Coutts, and I always used to wonder at it and speculate in my boyish mind on the connecting links which seemed wanting."

The second and fourth lines in each stanza are spelt phonetically, with the addition of German accents on the "o" and "u." We do not know what the words mean, but I think our father's opinion was that "Scowan ùrla grùn" signified the king's title or titles; "ùrla" might be a corruption of "jerl" (earl). "Whar giorten han grùn oarlac" he fancied meant, "Where the green fields are," or, "Where the green grass grows." Unfortunately, Dr. Edmondston seldom troubled himself with tracing corrupt dialect to its fountain-head, but preferred studying old languages as he found them in books; consequently, the only Shetlander competent to give a true translation of such Norse remains as we possess has taken his knowledge with him to the Silent Land.

With the ballad my brother sent me the following description of a curious game of forfeits, which, he says, "used to be played on winter evenings, not, so far as I recollect, special to any particular day of the year, or to any festival, heathen or Christian. A lowan taund (blazing peat), or anything that would do duty as a lighted torch, was held forth by No. 1 of the players towards No. 2, the following being the form of rhyme passing between them:—

- No. 1. Whaul buy me Jocky-be-laund ?
No. 2. What an' he dees ata me haund ?
No. 1. De back sall bear da saddle baund,
Ower stocks an' stanes
An' dead men's banes,
An' a sall lie upon dy heed at anes,
If do lets me janty Jocky edder dee or fa !

This is repeated with the utmost rapidity, and if concluded before the torch goes out, No. 2 must instantly seize it. He then turns to No. 3 with the same interrogatory, 'Whaul buy me Jocky-be-laund?' replied to as before. He in whose hand the torch goes out pays the forfeit, whatever may have been fixed. I rather think that there was a special form of forfeit in the shape of piling a lot of rubbish on the back of the unfortunate person who chanced to hold the torch when it went out—he standing on all fours to represent a horse. It was a sort of saddling and burdening him."

I ought to explain the use of "de," "dy," and "do" in the rhymes of "Jocky-be-laund." These words are the "thee, thy, thou" which take the place of "you," etc., in all familiar or affectionate conversation. This form of address is commonly used in Shetland, as in Germany and France.

LOSS OF THE GREAT QUEENSLAND.

THE Great Queensland, a three-masted iron sailing ship of 1,697 tons register, left the East India Docks on the 5th of August, 1878, on a voyage to Australia. She had on board a cargo of 2,300 tons of general merchandise, thirty-three passengers, and a crew of thirty-six hands. At the powder buoys off Gravesend nearly thirty-four tons of gunpowder were taken on board, together with a quantity of detonators and percussion caps, and the vessel proceeded in tow of a steam-tug down the river. Off Beachy Head the steam-tug left her, and she tacked down the Channel in variable weather. On the 10th of August she was thirty miles south of Dartmouth, and two days later, at midday on the 12th of August, she was spoken by the Garnock in the northern part of the Bay of Biscay, some distance west of Ushant Island. From that time nothing has been seen or heard of the ship, except that three articles, which must at one time have belonged to her, have been washed ashore on the south coast of England. The first of these was a life-buoy, with the words "London" and "Great Queensland" painted on it, which came ashore near Fowey, in Cornwall, in December, four months after the ship had passed down the Channel. This buoy had some full-grown barnacles attached to it, showing that it must have been a considerable time in the water. The next thing found was a board with the word "Queensland" cut into it. This board drifted ashore in Chesil Cove, Portland Island, on the 5th of January. On the 21st of January half a buoy, with the name of "Great Queensland" painted on it, came ashore in Salcombe Harbour. These are the only relics ever found of ship, passengers, crew, or cargo. There were no signs of casualty on either of these waifs. The buoys might have fallen overboard, and the painted board had not been wrenched from its place, as the screw-holes were quite perfect as though it had been left unscrewed, as such boards sometimes are in the hurry of departure, and have been washed away by the waves. The real proof that the vessel has been lost is that from the time she was seen by the men on board the Garnock on the 12th of August, no tidings have ever been heard of her. Passengers,

crew, cargo, and ship, have gone to the bottom, like the President and the City of Boston, and left only these three relics to drift ashore.

An inquiry was conducted by Mr. Hume Rothery, Wreck Commissioner, and his assessors, Colonel Younghusband, Admiral Powell, and Captain James, as to circumstances which might throw light on this calamity. There was no fault to find with the vessel, which was a perfectly seaworthy and well-appointed ship. The theory that she had foundered in a storm was carefully examined and disproved. Their attention was directed to the explosives on board, especially to some blasting powder made at some patent gunpowder works in Wales. This powder was advertised as of a strength, for blasting purposes, five times greater than that of ordinary powder, and more rapid in combustion. It is made from wood by a process similar to that by which gun-cotton is manufactured. Among the powder and other explosive materials on board the Great Queensland, were two tons of this wood powder; and it is on the quality of this part of the cargo that the chief portion of the inquiry before the Wreck Commissioner turned. Major Majendie had on one or two occasions condemned the powder sent out from these works as imperfectly made, and therefore unsafe, and the company's counsel, before the Commissioner, said that a former manager "made the appalling statement that he never applied any test at all, that it was a regular rule of thumb, and that, in fact, he made his powder first and put his trust in Providence afterwards, and whether he blew up anybody was a perfect matter of chance." Some of the powder thus imperfectly made was being remade in the early part of last year, when an order for two tons came from Australia. That quantity of the re-made powder was consequently done up in inch and inch-and-a-quarter cartridges, and shipped on board the Great Queensland. The report of the Wreck Commissioner leaves it morally certain that the Great Queensland was blown up in the Bay of Biscay by the explosion of four-and-thirty tons of powder. The wood powder ignited and blew up all the rest; and there is no reason to wonder that three loose articles are all the traces of the ship which have ever come to land.

The probability seems to be that the explosion was so tremendous, and the destruction so instantaneous and complete, that none of the persons on board ever knew what had happened, and no traces of the destroyed ship are ever likely to be found. Where and when the calamity happened is not likely to be ever known. So vast an explosion may have been heard on the coast of Spain or by passing ships; and all that seems needed now to complete the story of this terrible disaster is that some persons should have heard a mysterious noise booming over the sea in some day of last August. The tale is, however, none the less terrible for being as yet incomplete. There is no room for the faintest doubt as to the fate of the vessel and the sixty-nine human beings on board. They were not swamped in a storm, nor had they to fight inch by inch with a fire. The explosion probably gave no warning. The two tons of wood powder caught fire in the very midst of the thirty tons of other powder, and the whole ship was blown to pieces as she sailed. This terrible catastrophe was no accident. It was prepared for by a most culpable carelessness, which, in the interest of emigrants, seamen, and shipowners, ought to be punished in those who were responsible for it.

Varieties.

A FLYING PRINTING-PRESS.—Upon the Pacific Railway, between New York and San Francisco, the "Railway Journal," a daily paper, is printed, containing the latest intelligence with respect to home and foreign politics, the money market, Congress debates, and public amusements. All the news with which its columns are filled is telegraphed from different parts of the States to certain stations on the line, there collected by the editorial staff travelling in the train, and set up, printed, and circulated among the subscribing passengers, while the iron horse is persistently traversing plains and valleys, crossing rivers and ascending mountain ranges. Every morning the traveller may have his newspaper served up with his coffee, and thus keep himself informed of all that is going on in the wide world during a seven days' journey covering over three thousand miles of ground. He who pays his subscription at New York, which he can do at the railway ticket-office, receives the last copy of his paper on the summit of the Sierra Nevada.

SHIP STOPPED BY JELLY-FISH.—A passenger in the ship *Crocodile*, last autumn, reports the following singular incident. "On September 21 the ship crossed the equator early in the morning. On the following night a most curious circumstance occurred which would hardly be credited. The ship was stopped by jelly-fish, which shortly after one o'clock appeared in myriads as far as the eye could reach, and the thousands of luminous bodies floating upon the water gave the appearance of a scene from fairyland. Some of the fish got into the strainers of the condensers and blocked the holes, so that the water could not enter, and the result was that the vacuum went down and then disappeared entirely. The condensers afterwards became so heated that we had to stop steaming altogether, take off the strainers and clear them. Three attempts were made to steam, and each failed from the same cause. In this way we were delayed no less than five hours; but at daybreak the fish sank, and the ship was able to proceed. The same thing occurred again on the following night, the ship being delayed four hours."

MISS BIRD'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN RIDES.—The papers which appeared in the "Leisure Hour" for 1878 have been reprinted by John Murray, of Albemarle Street, under the title of "A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains." The book has been highly praised by the press as one of the most remarkable records of adventures ever written. In the "Times" review of the book it is said that the lady "donned masculine habiliments." Miss Bird has thought it advisable to append to the last edition the following note. "In consequence of a misapprehension on the part of the 'Times,' and for the benefit of other lady travellers, I wish to explain that my 'Hawaiian riding dress' is the 'American Lady's Mountain Dress,' a half-fitting jacket, a skirt reaching to the ankles, and full Turkish trousers gathered into frills falling over the boots—a thoroughly serviceable and feminine costume for mountaineering and other rough travelling."

LUXURIOUS BATHING.—Whatever may be thought of luxurious bathing, a book bearing this title is pre-eminently a *livre de luxe*. In form a royal folio, with massive antique binding, the type is in old-style to correspond. The etchings from copper are by a young artist whose works have already attracted notice in the Black and White Exhibition and other public galleries. The subject of the book would hardly justify so costly a treatise, and we can only suppose the work to be intended as an advertisement of the press from which it emanates.

The cold bath, the shower bath, and sea bathing are severally treated, but the chief space is devoted to the simple hot-water bath, followed by cold sponging, under the title of the Soap bath. This is pronounced the pleasantest, safest, and most beneficial of all forms of bathing. It is applicable to all ages, while the cold bath is only good for the young and vigorous, and it suits all constitutions. The mode of ablution is very simple. The bather armed with a lump of good ordinary yellow soap, and a loose Turkish washing glove, big enough to come over the wrist, covers the whole body with a thick and copious lather. Hot water is preferable to tepid, and the time should not exceed three or four minutes. This should be followed quickly by a cold plunge bath, or in its absence by rapid cold sponging. The towel should not be very rough, and without the aid of a flesh brush the skin soon feels a healthy glow, and the reaction is luxurious. The temperature of the room should

be moderate. "The soap bath," says Mr. Tuer, the enthusiastic author, "is a source of immense and constant physical gratification. Food is keenly enjoyed, the muscles get hard and firm, and the skin soft as satin, while vigorous health and feelings of mental and animal enjoyment are produced, attainable perhaps by no other means. Existence becomes what it was intended, and what it certainly ought to be, a positive pleasure."

HOMESTEAD LAWS.—Most of the American States have "homestead laws," the new States making them as liberal as possible as inducement to emigrants. The Canadian provinces have adopted similar laws. The Manitoba legislature in its first session, in 1872, passed an Act by which, in addition to exemption from seizure for debt of the debtor's furniture, tools, farm implements, and a certain amount of live stock, enacts that land cultivated by the debtor up to 100 acres, and all the buildings and fences on the same, are protected from seizure under any writ issued by any Court in the province. No creditor can disturb a family in its homestead. To this extent there is "fixity of tenure" in America.

WOODCOCK IN LONDON.—During the severe weather of the early part of last December, a woodcock was found in Albermarle Street. Mr. R. Ward, F.Z.S., of Piccadilly, who dissected him, found him pinched and poor, and supposes that "scarcity of his usual food, earthworms, compelled him to shift his feeding-ground, and, attracted in his high flight by the lights of London, he fell from sheer exhaustion in the streets, as many a creature of other genera has done."

EUPHRATES VALLEY ROUTE TO INDIA.—Mr. W. P. Andrewes, C.E., who about twenty-five years ago strongly urged the formation of a railway from the Syrian coast to the Persian Gulf, has again brought the matter before the public. Mails could be landed at Kurrachee within ten days. The new position of the Turkish empire and the troubled aspect of Eastern affairs would seem to justify the enterprise as an additional security for the way being kept open between England and India. But the financial, if not the political, objections are unanswerable. No commerce could bear transshipment twice and railway freights, and few passengers would incur the extra exposure and expense for the sake of a few days. In case of war, it is said that the Suez Canal might be stopped, but this railway would be more likely to be seized or injured. In either case, the Cape route would be resumed. Till Asiatic Turkey is raised from its miserable condition there would be no local traffic sufficient to pay even working expenses, much less interest on the money needed for constructing such a line.

CHRISTIANITY AND ITS NEW ASSAILANTS.—Those who boast or think that the intellectual battle against Christianity has been fought and won are reckoning without their host. Christianity, even in its sadly imperfect development, is, as a matter of fact, at the head of the world. I am tempted, gentlemen, further to offer you, with a daring which I hope may be thought excusable, a general observation on the frame of mind in which we all—and, most of all, those specially engaged—should meet that conflict or contact with opposing forces, which in this day no thoughtfully educated man can hope wholly to escape. No defence is to be found in timidity, but much defence is to be found in circumspection. What we have most to complain of is a perceptible rapidity of question, trial, and summary condemnation, which is perhaps as far removed from reason as is the grossest of the superstitions it condemns. There is a kind of steeplechase philosophy in vogue; sometimes it is specialism that assumes the honours of universal knowledge, and makes short cuts to its conclusion. Sometimes it is that knowledge of external nature is, by one of the strangest of solecisms, thought to convey a supreme capacity for judging questions which belong entirely to the sphere of moral action and of moral needs. All this suggests that abnormal causes are in some degree at work; that besides research and the great modern art of literary criticism, and a useful reaction against usurping traditions, there is, so to speak, something of an epidemic in the air. We have need to examine whether there does not creep about among us a predisposition to disturb, a preference for negation, and something of a mental levity, which are more or less included in the term scepticism—a temper to be discouraged, a frame of mind broadly distinguished from what Dante has sanctioned and Tennyson has called "honest doubt," as well as from a hearty allegiance to truth and a determination, so to speak, even to hate father and mother for its sake.

If this be so, what I suggest is, in a manner, to meet scepticism with scepticism, a wanton scepticism with a scepticism more legitimate. Put it on its trial; allow none of its assumptions; compel it to explain its formulae; do not let it move a step except with proof in its hand; bring it front to front with history; even demand that it shall show the positive elements with which it proposes to replace the mainstays it seems bent on withdrawing from the fabric of modern society. When it alleges that our advanced morality—such as it is—is really the work, not of Christianity, but of civilisation, require it to show cause why this advanced morality has never grown up except under the ægis of the Gospel; why the old civilisations were one and all smitten with decay, and degenerated in moral tissue even before they lost their intellectual vigour.—*Mr. Gladstone.*

SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENTS.—Of the 590 students of the Faculty of Arts, who may be taken, I understand, fairly to represent the average of the university, about one-third, or more exactly 199, are so far independent in their means that they are not diverted from their academic work by any other occupation. But there are no less than 391, or two-thirds of the whole, who keep their place in the university almost in all cases by one form or another of private employment, added on through the whole or a portion of the year to the burden of their studies. Two hundred and forty are thus engaged in extraneous work both during the session and throughout the summer; 135, without doubling their task during the session, are variously employed through the summer; the remaining sixteen join a business to their academic pursuits in the winter. The intending lawyers are clerks in writers' offices; the teachers to be aid others in teaching, and some are pupils in the training colleges. Some youths are exercised in mission work. "The remainder," says Professor Ramsay, "are distributed over every conceivable kind of employment. In the Humanity class this year are included joiners, miners, brassfounders, boot-makers, tailors, grocers, engineers, shipbuilders, drapers, stewards of steamers, a toll-keeper—who may, I suppose, well be said to levy toll first of all upon himself—a pocket-book maker, a blacksmith, and others."—*Mr. Gladstone at Glasgow.*

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE.—As one evidence of the great eagerness that is manifested even in seeking opportunities to make money by stock speculation, it may be mentioned that the simple initiation fee for membership in the Stock Exchange is 10,000 dolars, and it is proposed to increase it to 20,000 dolars. The number of members has been limited to 1,060.—*New York Observer.*

LONDON SCHOOL BOARD ELECTORAL DIVISIONS.—At the last election of the London School Board the following statement was published as to the electoral divisions:—Nine of the ten constituencies which exercise the electoral power have no other existence than as London School Board constituencies. The exception is the city of London, whose School Board electors have other rights and powers. In the other divisions, parish and borough boundaries were cast down for the purposes of this triennial election, parish was united to parish, and a special organisation was called into existence in each division to control an election which, in extent of area and number of voters, can only be equalled by a general Parliamentary election. The area of one division alone covers about 40 square miles, that of another 36 square miles, while the smallest, outside the city of London, has 130 miles of streets and 30,000 houses, and in one division three years ago, when the electoral power was at least 40 per cent. below its present standard, the votes given numbered upwards of 150,000. It is calculated that London increases in population at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, and that the voting power increases at the same rate. Marylebone, by reason of returning seven members, stands at the head of the divisions. It includes the parish of St. Marylebone proper, with an annual rateable value, according to the new returns, of £1,328,144; St. Pancras, with an annual rateable value of £1,336,890; Paddington, with an annual rateable value of £1,121,616; Hampstead, with an annual rateable value of £374,461—amounting to the enormous total of £4,161,111, excluding some other places separately assessed. The voting power may be judged from the fact that at the last election but one upwards of 20,000 votes were given to the highest candidate on the list for Marylebone. We wish there was a map of the metropolitan district in which the ten School Board Divisions were marked in colours, the boundaries being very irregular.